

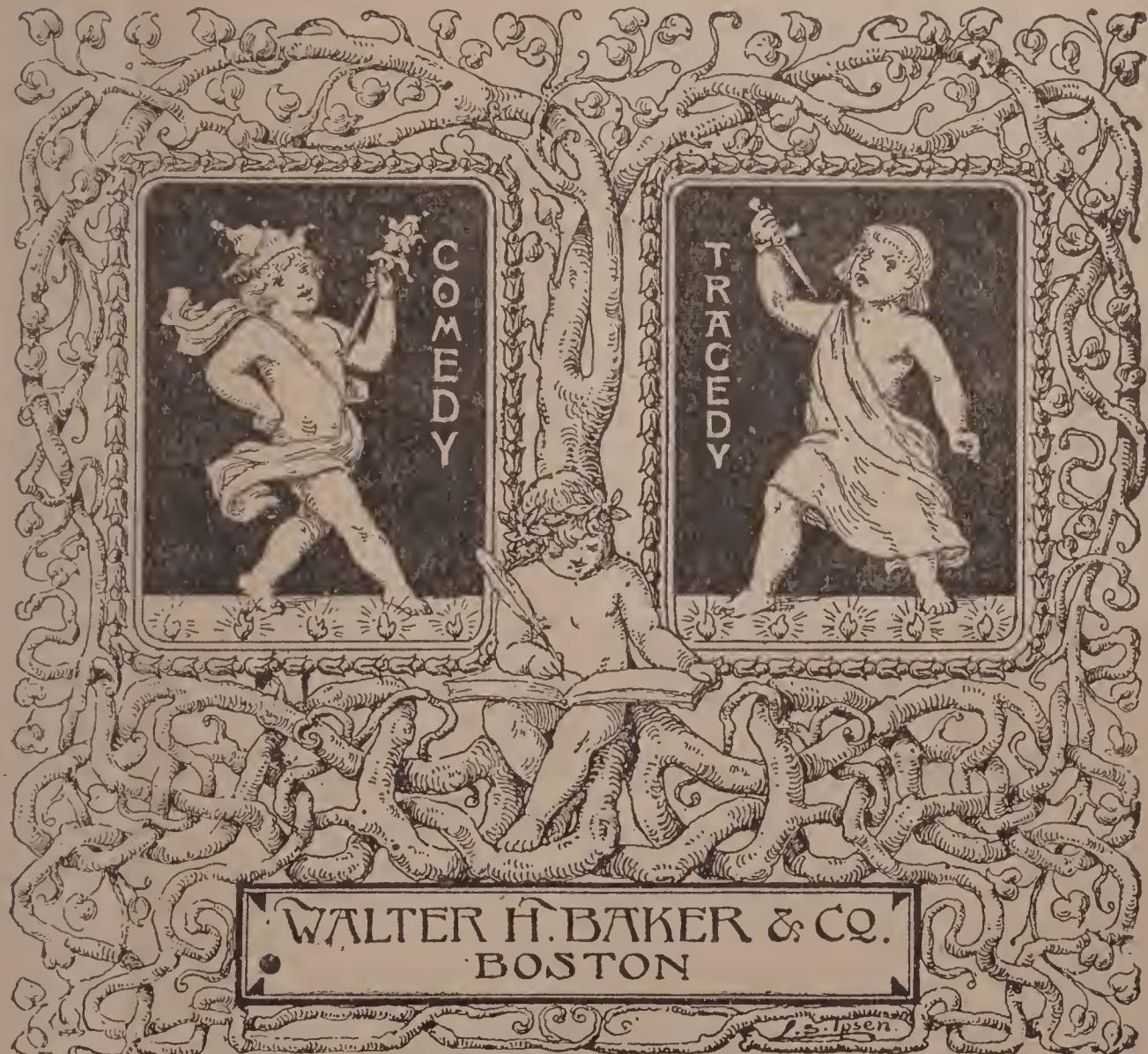
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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

AKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

Wanted, A Male Cook

Price, 15 Cents



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THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

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No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

WANTED, A MALE COOK.

An Original Farce.

Parker, George Melville,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Better than Gold," "Our Folks," "The Flower of the Family," "Enlisted for the War," "My Brother's Keeper," "The Little Brown Jug," "Above the Clouds," "One Hundred Years Ago," "Among the Breakers," "Bread on the Waters," "Down by the Sea," "Once on a Time," "The Last Loaf," "Stand by the Flag," "The Tempter," "A Mysterious Disappearance," "Paddle Your Own Canoe," "A Drop too Much," "A Little More Cider," "A Thorn Among the Roses," "Never Say Die," "Seeing the Elephant," "The Boston Dip," "The Duchess of Dublin," "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments," "We're all Teetotalers," "A Close Shave," "A Public Benefactor," "A Sea of Troubles," "A Tender Attachment," "Coals of Fire," "Freedom of the Press," "Shall Our Mothers Vote?" "Gentleman of the Jury," "Hunnors of the Strike," "My Uncle the Captain," "New Brooms Sweep Clean," "The Great Elixir," "The Hypochondriac," "The Man with the Demijohn," "The Runaways," "The Thief of Time," "Wanted, a Male Cook," "A Love of a Bonnet," "A Precious Pickle," "No Cure No Pay," "The Champion of Her Sex," "The Greatest Plague in Life," "The Grecian Bend," "The Red Chignon," "Using the Weed," "Lightheart's Pilgrimage," "The Revolt of the Bees," "The Sculptor's Triumph," "The Tournament of Idylcourt," "The War of the Roses," "An Original Idea," "Bonnbons," "Capulettta," "Santa Claus' Frolics," "Snow-Bound," "The Merry Christmas of the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe," "The Pedler of Very Nice," "The Seven Ages," "Too Late for the Train," "The Visions of Freedom," "Rebecca's Triumph," "Comrades," "Past Redemption," "Nevada," "Messmates," &c., &c.

BOSTON

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1894

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TERTAINMENTS AND SCHOOL
EXHIBITIONS.

BY

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CONTAINING

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| Sylvia's Soldier. | Stand by the Flag. |
| Wanted, a Male Cook. | The Tempter. |
| A Sea of Troubles. | The Greatest Plague in Life. |
| We're all Tetotallers. | A Drop too Much. |
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| The Rival Poets. | Once on a Time. |
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WANTED, A MALE COOK.

A FARCE.

CHARACTERS.

MR. HEARTWELL (an old bachelor)
JOSHUA SLOCUM (from Greenville, Mo.)
TEDDY RYAN (a native of Ireland)
Francois (a French cook).

COSTUMES.

Mr. Heartwell. — Old man's suit, dressing-gown; gray wig.
Joshua Slocum. — " Yankee suit;" plaid pants, very short, with straps; thick boots; short yellow or bright-colored vest; tall dicky, and flashy neck-handkerchief; long coat and yellow wig.
Teddy Ryan. — Corduroy breeches; blue stockings; low-cut shoes or heavy brogans; bob-tailed coat; blue-checked shirt, open at the neck; crop wig, red or black; stick and bundle.
Francois. — Elegant modern suit; large moustache; kids, and eye-glass.

SCENE. — Room in Mr. Heartwell's House. Entrances, R. and L. Table and chairs.

Enter MR. HEARTWELL, L.

Phew! this is a cold morning to be without a servant. Since my Irish servant took it into her head to leave me because I objected to her having the parlor for her company *every* night in the week, I am determined to have no more of the female sex in the house: consequently I have inserted an advertisement in the papers for a male

cook ; and a male cook, I suppose, I shall see this morning. (*Racket outside.*)

Josh. (*outside.*) Consarn your blasted old stairs ! I've nearly broke my neck.

(*Enter JOSH., L., rubbing his shins.*)

Mr. H. What do you mean by coming into a man's house in this manner ?

Josh. Wall, you see, old horse, I couldn't find any knocker ; so I jest opened the door and walked in.

Mr. H. Why didn't you ring the bell ?

Josh. Neow you don't, I don't ring no bells I reckon. I ain't called the shrewdest young man in Greenville — that's where *I cum from* — for nothin' I reckon. Yeou don't ketch me ringing bells. I was cumin' along the road this mornin', and I see on a door, "Please ring the bell." Well, as I am considered in Greenville — that's where *I cum from* — about the perlitest feller in town, I steps up and rings the bell. Perty soon a big black nigger stuck his head out, and wanted to know what I was arter. "Oh," says I, "nothin', I'm bleeged to ye." "What did yer ring the bell for, then?" sez he. "Cos yer sign here axed me to," says *I*. "Go away," sez he. "Shan't," sez *I*. With that out he comes and gives me the alfiredest kick, that made me see more stars than there are in all the Palmetty flags in South Calyna. So I guess I shan't trouble any more bells.

Mr. H. Well, sir, what do you want with me ?

Josh. Wall, you see, squire, I cum here from Greenville, — that's where I belong, — Greenville, Me. : some felks do say its deown East ; but dear suz, we don't kallate we begin to be deown East. Well, as I said afore,

spose you don't mind my eating a little sumthin' (*pulls out a doughnut, breaks one, and offers half of it to Mr H.*) Won't yer have a piece, squire?

Mr. H. No, sir, obliged to you: I'm afraid you'll rob yourself.

Josh. Lord, no; I got a heap more in this here bundle. These are of marm's: she belongs in Greenville tew. As I said afore, dad, says he to me,—he belongs in Greenville tew — says he to me, "Joshua," he allers called me by my hull first name, though the fellers and gals there in Greenville, — *that's where I cum from*, — used to call me Josh, for short. Says dad to me, "Joshua, work is getting slack with me jest about this time; so I reckon yer had better do up yer Sunday-go-to-meetin' close in a bundle, and start off to Bosting to seek yer fortin." So daddy gin me a dollar; marm fried me sum doughnets; and sister Jereusher — she belongs in Greenville tew — ironed me a clean dicky; and here I am in Bosting.

Mr. H. Well, well, what's all this to me?

Josh. Hold on, squire. Hould yer hosses, and I'll tell yer. I was readin' the newspaper, and I cum across your card in want of a male cook; so I thought I'd jest step up, and see what kind of a looking cutter yer be, and what yer will give the tallest wood-chopper, the spryest cattle-driver, and the greatest feller amunt the girls, in all Greenville, Me., — *that's where I cum from*.

Mr. H. Can you cook?

Josh. Look here, squire; cum to talk about cooking, if you hire me, I reckon yer git about the smartest feller

to cook clam-chowder, bake pan-dowdies or fry dough nets, there is this side of Greenville, Me.,—that's where I cum from ; and as for soup, oxtail or cowtail, I reckon I can whip old Salley Doolittle all holler, and she is reckoned about the smatest cook in our teown.

Mr. H. Well, Joshua, as you seem to be an honest sort of chap, I don't mind trying you at \$1.50 a week, and board, till I find out how much you are worth. Will that do ?

Josh. One dollar and a half and board ! Wall, I swow, dad did say I should make an etarnal fortin here in this Bosting ; but I reckon he didn't expect such a pile as that. Yes, squire, I'll let yer boss me at that rate.

Mr. H. Well, then, just go down into the kitchen and build a fire ; and I will come down, and tell you where to find the things for breakfast.

Josh. Yes, squire, I'll fix it in a minit. One dollar and a half and board ! What would our Jerushier say ? (*Exit R., leaving his bundle on the table.*)

Mr. H. Well, I have got a male cook at last : rather a green one, to be sure ; but then he's so honest. *He* won't steal my eggs, nor present rather large samples of my sugars to his cousins. I think he'll prove a treasure. (*Barking of dogs outside.*)

Teddy (outside). Out of that, yer spalpeens ! Murder ! murder ! (*Comes tumbling in, and rolls on the floor, L.*)

Mr. H. Hallo ! who have we here ?

Teddy. The top of the morning to yez. **Where's** yer father ?

Mr. H. My father ?

Teddy. Yes, Mr. Cartwheel.

Mr. H. I am Mr. Hartwell.

Teddy. The devil, yer say: faith, I thought 'twas yer grandmother, in a caleker nightgown.

Mr. H. What do you want?

Teddy. If yer plaze, sir, I'm the cook.

Mr. H. Oh, another applicant. You are too late,— I'm supplied.

Teddy. An shure ain't it in the papers, I'd like to know? Do yer think I come all the way from Ireland to be trifled with in this way.

Mr. H. But, I tell you, I am supplied.

Teddy. Got a supply, have yer? Then the more need of some one to cook it up for yer.

Mr. H. But I tell you I have just hired a cook.

Teddy. Then what did you stick that bit of a notice for a cook in the paper for? Bad luck to you!

Mr. H. When I put that in, I was in want of a cook. A young man applied, and I hired him.

Teddy. Then you don't want me, yer honor? Bad luck to you, Teddy Ryan! You're always soon enough to be too late. I suppose I must have been born the next day afther I first saw the light. Here its meself that has just left swate Ireland, and the little thatched cottage, which only leaked when it rained,— where the pig and meself got along so happily together rolling in the mud, and fighting like two loving brothers,— to come to this Ameriky, what they call the land of liberty. Its a grate land of liberty, by my soul! When I first set my fut on the solid ground,— the dhry land of Boston (which by the way wa in the water over my head, because, do yer mind, I

tumbled overboard when I was to come ashore), — a great ugly cur, not knowing the looks of a gentleman like meself, came at me. I stooped down in the strate to pick up a stone, and, bedad ! they were all fastened down. Oh, it's a grate land of liberty, by my soul ! where the dogs are all let loose, and the stones all tied down. So yer don't want a cook, yer honor ?

Mr. H. No, Teddy, no cook.

Teddy. Don't yer want a chamber-maid. Yer see, in ould Ireland, the pig and I had one bed together ; and as it was mighty inconvanient for the pig, I done the chamberwork.

Mr. H. No young man, no chamber-maid.

Teddy. Then good day, yer honor. Yer say yer have a cook ?

Mr. H. Yes. Yes, and here he comes.

Teddy. Is that the cook ? Faith, he's forgot to comb his head. (*Enter Josh, L.*)

Mr. H. Well, Joshua, fire built ?

Josh. Yes, squire, arter a heap of trouble. Yer see I went down where yer said the wood was, and I couldn't find nothing but a lot of boards ; and these were all kivered up with a pile of stones black as yer hat. So I jest stepped out to the back gate, and I seed a feller going by with a wheelbarrow ; so I jest sung out to him, " Say, what'll yer cart off a lot of stones for ? " Well, he looked at the stones, and then at me ; and then he laughed, and sed, " Seein' its you, I'll cart 'em off for nothing : and I'll be blamed if the blasted fool didn't load 'em up, and cart me off for nothing ! Why, its worth a dollar, if its worth a cent.

Mr. H. Carted it off, you fool! You've given away all my coal.

Josh. Coal! what do yer do with coal?

Mr. H. Burn it, to be sure.

Josh. Burn them stones! Wall, perhaps yer do; but down in Greenville we burn slabs and birch.

Mr. H. (*aside*) This greenhorn will never do for me. (*aloud*) Now just take your hat and go to Mr. Prentice, in Sea Street, and tell him to send me a ton of coal at once. (*aside*) When you get back, I'll settle with you.

Josh. Yes, squire. (*aside*) I wonder where Sea Street is. It won't do to let the squire know I don't know where it is; for he is dreadful riled now. I say, Pat, where is Sea Street.

Teddy. How did yer know my name was Pat.

Josh. Guessed it, to be sure.

Teddy. Then, since yer so good at guessing, just guess the way to Say Street.

Josh. Oh, you git eout! Wall, as I can't find out, I must hunt it up: so here goes. (*Exit, L.*)

Mr. H. Well, young man, I suppose I shall have to try you.

Teddy. By my soul, sir! I don't think you cud do better.

Mr. H. Can you cook?

Teddy. Can I cook, is it? Faith! give me something to cook, and if I don't do it handsome, my name is not Teddy Ryan.

Mr. H. Well, then, Teddy Ryan, I'll give you \$1.50 a week, and your board.

Teddy One dollar and fifty cents ! Teddy Ryan, you've been knocked about to fall or your fate at last. Faith : I shall be going to Ireland, in a few weeks, a millionaire.

Mr. H. Well, go down into the kitchen, and boil the tea-kettle the first thing.

Teddy (aside). I wonder what he means by biling the tea-kettle. I'll bile something, anyhow. (*Exit, R.*)

Mr. H. Well, I'll give No. 2 a trial at any rate, though I've not much faith in him. I begin to think a male cook will not quite suit me. (*Knocking.*) Ah, another application : lets see who this is. (*Exit, L.*)

Francois (outside). Have I ze pleasure to speak with Monsieur Heartwell ?

Mr. H. (outside). Yes, sir : will you walk in ?

Francois (outside). I tank you very much. You do me one great honor. (*Enter Mr. H. and Francois, L.*)

Mr. H. (aside). I wonder who this can be ? He is too fine for a cook. (*To Francois*) To what do I owe the honor of this visit ?

Francois. Ah, monsieur, you do me what you call too much proud. 'Tis I who has ze honor. I come, sir, to make application for ze situation of ze cook. Yu have note in ze paper. I am one grand cook from la Belle France. France ze country of my home. France ze proud of my heart. France where I have leave ze little wife, and ze five child who call me by ze name of papa. I have come to this country to cook ze fine dishes for ze fine people who will pay me ze fine money. Shall I serve you, monsieur ?

Mr. H. I have just engaged a cook.

Francois. Ah, sacré ! Zat is what yu call ze very

much too bad : zat is worser zan no better. I have leave my own country to come to zis great republic for ze emplomong. I go to ze large establishmong, and I say. "Sir, I wish to employ you." He say, "Ver well : can you cook?"—"Oui, monsieur."—"Ver well : can you roast ze chicken?"—"Oui, monsieur."—"Ver well : can you boil ze mutton?"—"Oui, monsieur."—"Ver well." By gar! he say ver well all ze time all too much. "Can you vistle ze dixie?" *Sacré!* I be very astonish. I have cook ze mutton, and ze chicken ; but, by gar! I nevar before hear of ze dish wat yu call ze dixie ; nevar. "Oh," he say, "you no comprehend. I mean ze song, ze tune wat yu blow wiz your mouth." *O Sacré!* I see all over in one minut zat he poke wat yu call ze fun at me. I be very much indignant : by gar! ze indignation stick out of my face all over ; and I say, "*Sacré!* you be one grand humzebug. I vill cook for you ze chicken or ze mutton ; but, *sacré!* I vill nevar blow for you ze dixie wiz my mouth ; *nevar.*" I shake ze dirt of his infernal house from ze roof of my feet, and I come to you. And when I set ze eye of my head on you, I say here is one grand gentlehomme : ze intelligent stick right out of him, all over right from ze end of hiz nose ; and I should cook for him in ze highest style of ze art, such as I have learn in la Belle France.

Mr. H. I am sorry, but I have just engaged a cook. Where can that fellow be? (*calling*) Teddy.

Teddy (without). Coming : yer needn't make such a hullabuloo. (*Enter Teddy, R.*)

Mr. H. Where's the hot water I ordered?

Teddy. Hot wather?

Mr. H. Didn't I tell you to boil the tea-kettle?

Teddy. An shure didn't I do that same? I took the big feller wid a nose, the ta-kettle; and as I couldn't find another pot big enough to hould him, I put him in the biler; but by my soul, if it was to bile till next Michaelmas, I don't believe yer can make it the least bit tenderer.

Mr. H. What, boil an iron kettle! I thought you could cook.

Teddy. Faith! an so I can if yer want some fine baked pirates. I'm the boy that can do them for yer quick as a cat can jump.

Francois. O sacré! he is one stupid foreigner.

Mr. H. This fellow will never do for me. Look you, Teddy, you don't just suit me: so here's a dollar, and I shan't want you any longer. Now, Mr. Frenchman, you can try what you can do. You will find all you want in the kitchen. Let me have something for breakfast in five minutes.

Francois. Ah! thanks, monsieur; I fly to do your bidining: I zal give you ze breakfast fit for ze king of the United States, such as I have learn in la Belle France. (*Exit, l.*)

Mr. H. Well, if this fellow does not suit, I shall have to get a female cook again. I begin to feel hungry; but, thanks to Frenchy, I shall soon have some breakfast. (*Exit, l.*)

Teddy (solus). Arrah! Teddy, my boy, nature never intended yer for a cook; and if nature is ever going to do anyting for yer, here is the time (*perceiving the bundle of doughnuts on the table, which he commences devour-*

ing). Faith, here's an illegant lunch, anyhow. Ariah ! here is the greeney that gave away old Hartwell's coal. Bad luck to him ! (*Enter Joshua, L.*)

Josh. Wall, I reckon I found the right place that time. *I* found the man that keeps the rocks. (*Seeing Teddy*) Hallo, Pat, ain't yer gone yet ?

Teddy. Devil a step. I'm waiting for a situation.

Josh. Hollo ! I hope you ain't trying to get mine.

Teddy. Faith ! I've had it ; and retired, as the man in the paper says, to recruit my shattered energies. (*Enter Mr. H., R.*)

Josh. Wall, see here ; ye jest retire from them are doughnuts. (*Seizing them.*)

Mr. H. (*rubbing his hands*). Ah, there's a cook worth having. Such a breakfast I have not ate for a fortnight. What a treasure I have got ! By the way, I wonder where he got that meat he so nicely fricasseed. I was not aware there was a bit in the house. Hallo, Francois ! (*Enter Francois, R.*)

Francois. Did monsieur call ?

Mr. H. Where did you find the meat you sent up so nicely cooked. I was not aware there was a bit in the house.

Francois. *Sacré !* did I not give you ze fine breakfast ?

Mr. H. But the meat ; where did you get the meat ?

Francois (*confused, and speaking very hurriedly*). Vas it not an elegant breakfast ?

Mr. H. Yes ; but the meat ?

Francois. Ze coffee —

Mr. H. Tell me quick. Where did you get the meat ?

Francois. Ah ! monsieur, I shall tell you. You say you must have ze meat : so I go down stairs ; I look in ze closet, no meat ; in ze pantry, no meat. I look under ze chairs, under ze table, no meat. *Sacré !* I must have ze meat. Ah ! what do I see ? Ze little gray pussy what you call me-o-w, me-o-w. I seize him, I chop off his head, and I have ze meat ; and I give you ze breakfast what you call splendid.

Mr. H. Oh, horror ! cooked my cat ?

Josh. Wall, I swow ! if that don't turn ~~his~~ stomach.

Teddy. He's a heathen cannibal.

Mr. H. Get out of my house, all of you ! Male cooks ! Male fiddlesticks ! I'll have no more of the ~~k.~~ I'll have a female cook to-morrow, if she has to have the house full every night in the week. As for you, come into my office, and I'll settle with you, provided you say nothing about my advertising in search of a male cook.

Josh. Wall, I won't say any thing ; only keep mum about the coals.

Teddy. Nor tell how I boiled the tea-kettle.

Francois. Nor how I cook ze pussy, what you call me-o-w, me-o-w.

SITUATIONS AT END.

FRANCOIS.

MR. H.

TEDDY.

JOSE.

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One male, twelve females. Costumes, modern and eccentric; scenery, unimportant. Plays an hour and a quarter. Another of Mrs. Kelley's popular assemblages of the floating humor of the Suffragette question. Just a string of humorous lines and characters and local hits aimed to raise a hearty laugh without hurting anybody's feelings. Suited for women's clubs and for general use in private theatricals.

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MRS. EBEN ALTMAN, *suffragette speaker*.

MRS. ELDON KEENER, *anti-suffragette*.

MRS. OSCAR DAYTON, *anti-suffragette*.

MRS. JONAS HARDING, *anti-suffragette*.

MISS ROSABELLE HYACINTH, *engaged*.

MISS PRISCILLA PRUDENCE, *would like to be engaged*.

MISS ANNA HELDER, *great on style*.

MRS. CHARLES BATES, *anti-suffragette*.

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SILAS CURTIS, *who becomes an ardent advocate of woman suffrage*.

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Three males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays one hour. Three seminary girls go to the masquerade on the sly, get mixed up there with some students and have a narrow escape from detection. Their later anxieties are complicated by the fact that they discover that one of the younger members of their own faculty was also there; but this later suggests a plan by which they escape. Very bright and breezy and full of fun and action.

Price, 15 cents

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A Farce Comedy in Three Acts

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A Farce in Three Acts

By Macpherson Fanney

Eight males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays a full evening. Professional rights reserved. Prentice, out of favor with a rich uncle who supports him because he declines to marry a girl the uncle has picked out, encounters her by accident and has to masquerade as "Mr. Kelley." The encounter is complicated by the presence of Ted Strong, of the St. Louis "Nationals" and the Rev. Ernest Frey, both of whom get mixed up with "Kelley" and with one another. It finally appears that his uncle's choice and the girl for whom Prentice has thrown her over are one and the same and all ends well. An exceptionally bright and laughable farce; characters first class; situations side-splitting, dialogue very funny. A sure hit and can be recommended for schools.

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CHARACTERS

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HENRY TETLOW, *his uncle, an impresario.*

Rufe King, *his brother-in-law.*

THE REV. ERNEST FREY, *rector of St. Benedict's, Heathfield Parish.*

TED STRONG, *late of the St. Louis "Nationals."*

IGNATZ DEMAREST ROGERS, *a syncopated genius.*

BARTON, *butler at the Tetlows'.*

JIM, *a policeman.*

MADELAINE SANDERSON, *Tetlow's ward.*

MARY KING, *his niece.*

LESLIE HILL, *late of the "Folies Bergeres."*

Students of Raeton College.

SCENE.—Tetlow's home, Raeton.

TIME.—The opening night of college.

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A Rural Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Bertha Currier Porter

Six males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. Alice, a nameless girl who lives with the Websters, is loved by the idolized son of the family. The mother, learning of this, turns her out of the house into the storm in his absence. The search that follows her departure discovers her to be the daughter of an early lover of the woman who sent her away. She is finally found and all ends happily. A simple but powerful story told by a cast of strong and well-drawn characters. Plenty of humor; clean and bright. Strongly recommended.

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THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

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SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

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THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

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